

T H E
POETICAL WANDERER :
CONTAINING,
DISSERTATIONS

ON THE EARLY POETRY OF GREECE,
ON TRAGIC POETRY, AND ON THE POWER
OF NOBLE ACTIONS ON THE MIND.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
S E V E R A L P O E M S.

By the Author of Miscellaneous Works.

- - - - - For what are all

The forms which brute unconscious matter wears ?
Not reaching to the heart soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design ; the ambitious mind
There sees herself : By these congenial forms
Touch'd and awakened with interior art
She bends each nerve and meditates well pleas'd
Her features in the mirror.

AKENSIDE.

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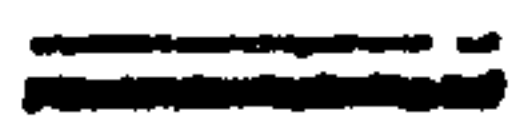
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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was intended that this little work should have been put to press immediately after the issuing of the proposals ; but several circumstances have delayed that intention, and prevented its appearance until now.—The binding of the work is the best that the price of the volume, and the number of the subscribers would allow.

Into whatever hands the Poetical Wanderer shall come, it is hoped, that severity of criticism will give way to a milder investigation ; to which the author (from having but lately assumed his toga virilis) is intitled.

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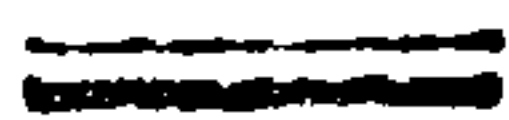
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The early Poetry of Greece.

Res gestæ regnumque ducumque, et tristia bella
Quo scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus,
Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.

Horace Art of Poetry.

THE actions of the warrior have always been the favorite theme of the antient bards. The love of their country and the beauty of virtue, have always animated their lays.—Struck with the majesty and ardour of Achilles, the lofty Homer strung his lyre and sang the wars of Troy; the manners of those days had never else been handed down to posterity; and the simplicity, virtue and magnanimity of that heroic age had forever sunk in oblivion.—

The poet in the age of Homer, and until corruption of manners and principle was introduced in Greece, was held as the most exalted character among men—all revered him for his sacred profession; the duties of religion were his peculiar care, and he celebrated the

praises of his country's deity in pious and musical composition ; he taught the savage moderation, and infused into the spirit of the chieftain an invincible patriotism : the soft accents of love added melody to his strains ;—from the peaceful groves, sacred to this gentle passion ; from the smooth streams and nature's delightful landscape, he drew his descriptions and similes : the roving youth learned from them to restrain the irregular desires of nature, and to glow with a constant attachment for some favorite fair.

IN this early dawn of poetry, we are astonished to meet with that perfection which has never been surpassed. Homer has never yielded to any in invention, sublimity of description and comprehensive knowledge of human nature ; surrounded by the glooms of poverty, he retired to his solitary grotto, snatched his magic pencil, and formed his daring designs.

ARCHILOCHUS, called the divine, who flourished shortly after Homer, claims nearly an equal rank as a satirist ; so severe were the sarcasms of this writer upon some of the princi-

pal characters of his country, that his sacred profession could not restrain their persecution, and he was forced to fly and wander from his native home.

From the time of Archilochus, until the perfection of dramatic poetry in Greece, the most distinguished bards were those of the lyric class. Among the nine which bear this name, the most memorable are Sapho and Pindar. The poetry of Sapho is melodious and lively ; she was an accurate describer of the human heart—her female breast, so tender and susceptible of the gentler passions, beat with a constant love for the youthful Phaon : the romantic scenes of Ionia often received the sorrows of her lyre : she there breathed in the solitary shade her unfortunate attachment—It was there she formed that beautiful ode describing the miseries of jealous love, which Longinus so justly admires—she paints her own feelings and endeavors to lull her cares by her melting muse.

PINDAR'S genius was wild and luxuriant ; forcible, but too obscure. He was the last of

the nine, and is entitled the prince of the lyric poets. In every contest at the olympic games, he generally bore away the prize. His performances attracted the admiration and applause of all Greece, and Thebes his native city, erected a monument to his memory.

THE epic strain, the ode and elegy claimed mostly the attention of the antient muse ; and all were brought to that refinement which has seldom been surpassed.—The Epopee, one of the most august and dignified kinds of poetry, owed its origin to Homer : It is the representation of characters ; it casts its extensive view over human nature, and furnishes its favorite hero with each attractive and magnanimous virtue, and draws other personages with treachery, deceit, and vices which degrade mankind. When the youth traces the warrior through a series of sublime actions, he glows and burns with an emulative ardour ; his transported imagination paints the contending bands ; it singles out the champion from the throng by his majestic stature and waving plume—witness his daring deeds and his sword

stained with the blood of the foe.—The epic muse not only forms her hero with the warlike virtues, but likewise with the tender and sympathising.—One time we behold him arrayed in the glory and terror of a victor—at another, mourning over the calamities of war, and soothing the anguish of the bleeding foldier.—Epic poetry, while it teaches human nature, holds out objects for our imitation ; dressed in the splendid ornaments of fiction, it tells us “ *not what we are, but what we ought to be.*”

THE ode, or lyric strain, is remarkable for its force, and collection of striking ideas conveyed in few words : sometimes it flows smooth and plaintive, like a calm and unruffled stream ; and sometimes irregular and majestic, like the troubled ocean. It was applied to various purposes—it breathed enthusiasm into the breast of the warrior ; displayed the beauty of patriotism ; celebrated the glory of the victor at the olympic games, and sometimes mourned the sorrows of love. The subjects most suita-

ble for the ode, Horace has noticed in these three lines,

Gods, heroes, conquerors olympic crowns,
Love's pleasing cares and the free joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the lyric song.

To represent the misfortunes and miseries of life is the design of elegy. It chuses for this purpose a strain melancholy and sweet in the highest degree : it draws chiefly its reflections from the depravity of our nature, and by these and its music, lulls the breast to a pensive but delightful meditation.

FROM this short view of the rise of poetry *in Greece*, in what a conspicuous light does it appear ! Its votaries were not only held as the most exalted characters by their country, but by its enemies. Poetry in Greece was the principal refiner of the manners : in those states where it was excluded, civilization and virtue made but tardy progress—while it fired the warrior with valour in his country's cause, it restrained his brutality and licentiousness—while it proclaimed the glory and magnanimity of a favorite character, it exhorted the

youth to imitate the noble example—while it described in melancholy verse the state of the unhappy, it taught the hardy veteran pity, and commanded tears from the melting eye of the female—while it painted the captivating charms of liberty, it exposed the frightful form of anarchy—while it addressed its pious songs to the Deity, it inspired the bosom with devotion and reverence for his awful power.

On Tragic Poetry.

Hos ediscit et hos arcto stipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens ; habet hos numeratque Poetas
Ad nostrum tempus, Livi Scriptoris ab ævo.

HORACE AD AUGUSTUM.

FROM the earliest age of its invention the Drama has been a source of delight and improvement.—In Greece it was an extensive promoter of knowledge and virtue.—It exhibited the magnanimity of the hero and fired the bosom with a love of freedom and an invincible patriotic zeal. It must not however be denied, that it was at a certain period the cause of disquietude and corruption to Athens ; for the effects of the writings of the licentious Aristophanes are too well known. That poet instead of following the paths of Eschuylus, Sophocles and Euripides, intro-

ducing obscenity on the stage, and by the venom of his satire, in some measure spoiled the taste of the generality of his countrymen for the more noble representations of his immortal co-temporaries. This fact evinces the bad effects which may spring from impure comedy, but detracts not from the true dignity and beneficial influence of tragedy.

THE Roman drama was built on the Grecian model ; and while it deviated from it in some excellencies, it made improvements upon others.* As they were similar in their manner, so they were in their effects upon the public spirit of the two countries.

THE drama of the present day is different in its construction from that of Greece and Rome ; and without observing in a particular manner their variations, we may safely conclude that it is much more perfect.

THE continued representation of the Greeks while it gives the poet no respite, is not capable of that variety, and of keeping awake and

* The Romans first changed the continued representation of Greece into Acts.

exciting that curiosity, which are some of the excellencies attending the division into Acts.—The chorus appears to modern taste an unnatural means of explanation—a rude invention of the infant dramatic muse.

TRAGEDY, the most noble species of the drama, has been considered by Aristotle and some eminent modern critics,* as the noblest production of human genius ; not only on account of its difficulty of execution, but the example and instruction which it conveys.

It shall be cursorily attempted in the following pages to trace the justness of this decision, the nature of tragedy, the causes of its benefits, and the rules to which it is necessarily confined.

* As a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and improving entertainments.—Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of providence.

ADDISON.

EPIC poetry and tragedy have both the same ends in view—they are both the representations of characters—they have both their hero, whom they trace through various actions and events.

BUT between them a great and obvious distinction exists.—Epic poetry is narrative, there the poet appears himself as the speaker ; but in tragedy the characters speak for themselves, the poet is entirely excluded, the events pass before our eyes—the language of misfortune, and distress flows from the hero himself—we are not only told what he feels—what actions he performs ; we see them, we are ourselves the spectators.—From these distinguishing features in the two most noble productions of genius ; the observations which would naturally follow, would in many respects be to the superiority of tragedy.—If an affecting circumstance is related to us—true, we feel the melancholy and sympathizing glow—but how much greater is the impression, how much more powerful and lasting the influence when we are an eye witness.

SEGNUS irritant animos demissa per aurem
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus et quæ
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

With respect to expression, the difficulty is much greater in tragic than epic poetry ; for it is certainly easier to speak as the second person than the first—in the latter case, the writer must express himself in the language of real passion—he must place himself in the character of his hero, and enter into all the feeling of his situation.—Blair has made a judicious criticism on this passage in Addison's Cato.

Fix'd in astonishment I gaze upon you

Like one just blasted by the stroke of Heaven, &c.

HAD the speaker (says he) been describing this in another person instead of himself, and said,

Fix'd in astonishment he gaz'd upon her, &c.

the passage would have been proper and fine ; but as it stands it is faulty, for no lover under the sun in the same state would so express himself.

THIS single example will serve as an illustration of the difficulty which the greatest writers have to overcome in the selection of their

words, and that the same care and refinement of feeling is not so requisite in epic poetry.—It then tragedy requires more feeling or pathos in the writer, it must certainly convey more to the reader and spectator.—There is an argument however in favor of the power of epic poetry, which perhaps will ballance the advantage stated in favor of tragedy.—It is that the epic strain is more gradual and extensive than the other in its progress ; It takes a wider survey of nature, and is not confined to the narrow limits and unities of Acts ; It's hero has a more spacious field for action ; It is more at leisure, nor is in such hasty steps to it's conclusion ; It's operations are not so immediately violent, *but it's cure is more tardy.*

It would be hazardous, from the preceding remarks to make a decided conclusion in favor of either of these branches of poetry—but without entering into a further comparison, we may with safety pronounce—that if the Epopee has most influence on the manners, tragedy operates most powerfully “upon the passions.”*

* Dryden.

MANKIND are always delighted with the representations of nature ; they derive knowledge and consolation from tracing the many scenes of sorrow and misfortune incident to mortality—while they melt in pity over the unhappy, they imbibe a portion of the magnanimity of the hero, and learn like him to bear against adversity and to “ rise superior to their sufferings.”

For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream thro' every age ;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

HUMAN nature however depraved, admires the nobleness and beauty of virtue, and starts back at the hideousness and deformity of vice.—There is in it a natural principle which prompts to the imitation of what it admires, and the avoidance of what it dislikes.—Were it not for this instinctive quality the mind would be indeed truly base, and the dictates of virtue would be disregarded as a shadow or the bursting of a bubble.—It is this quality of the mind which gives all relative and imitative writings

their great usefulness.—History owes to it its power, and tragedy's effects flow chiefly from it.

Tragedy either lays its foundation upon some historical event, or upon some fiction which probably may have been transacted, and may again happen.—It clothes itself in the most captivating garb, and holds in view some important precept which it means to illustrate by its catastrophe.—If it exaggerates in its descriptions and characters, it is to render them more striking and seducing—and on this account and the sweetness of its strain, it boasts a superiority over history.—A plain statement of facts must yield in its force to the more dignified and fanciful tale.—We are more fired by the patriotic spirit of the Brutus in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, than the one represented by the accurate Historian.—The form of impious ambition appears no where so execrable as in the same author's Richard the Third.—The fixed brutality and hellish designs of cunning and revenge, no where excite so much rage and detestation as in his infamous character of Iago.—The mind by beholding these, and receiving impressions corresponding to their different na-

tures—receives a portion of the sublimity of the hero, and turns with additional disgust from the treacherous and villainous knave.

It has been sometimes the case, that persons who were meditating a wicked deed, have been deterred from the commission of it, by beholding represented on the stage the horror and torture of a culprit after the execution of a crime similar to what they intended.*

SENTIMENT operates most usefully by directing and regulating our behaviour in the pursuit of what is proper, and tends to our happiness.—Such sentiments as are not drawn from the common practice of life, are without meaning, and answer no good end: too much are most of those books filled with them which draw from the hidden recesses of fancy their wild and unnatural tales.—It would be an investigation truly metaphysical to attempt to ascertain the powerful force of just and noble sentiments upon the mind; as what are accurate spring from a feeling and contemplative

* A remark similar to this, is made by some writer whose name is not at present in my recollection.

genius, the reader of taste and discernment will easily perceive by appropriating them to his sensations, whether they are of a spurious or elevated birth.—If he feels their beauty and justness, he will become willing to be governed by them.—In Greece when books were remarkably scarce, the enlightened and philosophic sage convened his assembly of aspiring youth in the shades of retirement, and delivered to them those sentiments which were necessary for their conduct in their various situations—as citizens, as sons, and as friends.—It was there and in this manner the wise Socrates and Plato taught.—Sophocles, who brought the Grecian tragedy to its greatest refinement, clothed his precepts in a different form from these philosophers, and had them delivered in a more public manner.—His observations were equally pertinent to the stations of life, and they were more enforced by the representation of those events to which they led.—We will further observe, that while the heart is melted by tender and affecting scenes, it is more open to receive the greatest influence from sentiment.—If it witnesses in the scene the remorse and

pangs of disappointed ambition, which had exercised impiety and cruelty in endeavoring to obtain its views, the reflection will be forcible, “ That fame and power must be founded on virtue and esteem—that the wrath of God disappoints the aims of the wicked, so that they, instead of obtaining that fleeting phantom which they imagine will contribute to their happiness, work their own misery and downfall.”

WHEN the eye moistened with tears looks on the brave man expiring a victim to his integrity, how feelingly will occur the sublime observation ! “ *There is no spectacle more worthy the attention of the Deity intent upon his works, &c.*”

MAN is not truly wise until acquainted with human nature. All the learning which genius and application can obtain, will be unqualified without this to pass happily and quietly through the world, and to rise superior to guile and treachery. Where are we taught this invaluable knowledge more pleasingly and accurately than in tragedy ? where are the passions

more justly described ? Tragedy is the language of the passions—Its chief study is human nature. It exhibits man in his most exalted and depraved state : We see the hero superior to degrading acts himself, and not suspecting them in others ; while the villain beguiles him with hypocrisy, and secretly stabs him to the heart. In no production is there so exquisite a painting of this as in *Othello*, the master-piece of Shakespeare. Inflexible depravity, revenge, and cunning, are there represented in their true forms, and become triumphant over the heart honest and sincere. The noble moor falls a victim to the artifices of Iago, and becomes the murderer of the innocent Desdemona.—It would require an analysis of the principal performances of Shakespeare, to give a full view of his amazing knowledge of the heart.—This has been done by Richardson in a masterly manner—but too metaphysically refined.

Those who preferring the sequestered shades of solitude and peace, secluded themselves from cheerful companions, have found in the immortal bard (in the hour of melancholy and

dejection) characters in part so similar to their own, that with them they have forgot sorrow and misfortune, and been thrilled with delight in tracing the admirable thoughts and flow of events.—How severe was the task for Shakespeare to obtain his information ! how easy for those who study the characters with whom he conversed ! Among them we can view the ambitious and cruel wretch rejoicing over the pangs of his fallen and degraded enemy.—The melancholy man and misanthropist, retired from the scenes of busy life in woods and deserts, and moralizing on the deceit and iniquity of mankind.—The heroic youth persecuted by adverse fortune, but still virtuous and brave.—The murderer tortured with the pangs of conscience, and starting at the apparition of his butchered friend.—The man of benevolence courted by all, when in affluence ; who fed with his bounty throngs of pretending friends—but in poverty deserted and despised.

It would be needless to describe any more of his numerous portraits, or to remark that they are generally just—for this the experience

of all eminent critics has confessed ; and the voices of all men of taste, have united in bestowing on their poetic painter the appellation of the child of nature and of fancy.*

* Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild:

MILTON.

The Pathetic in Tragedy.

Se vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi.

IT has been remarked by some writers (who I do not now remember) that they who most excel in tragedy are those who have experienced neglect and misfortune in the world. The truth of this may in a considerable degree be acknowledged.—The sensibilities and tenderness of our natures are wonderfully influenced by the chastening hand of adversity, and blunted by the dissipating pleasures of wealth and splendour. Whether evils are

imaginary or real they equally depress the melancholy Poet, who is seldom without causes of sorrow. The sublime and pathetic are not often united in the same person.—Human genius is generally restricted to some predominant quality, and the emotion which every performance bestows, depends upon the prevailing disposition of its author.—Some writers however, have soared beyond these confined limits; to whose capacious flight no rules can set bounds.—Eschuylus was equally capable of sublimity and pathos; Shakespeare had not only these under his controul, but excelled also in ridicule and humour.

TENDERNESS in tragedy is more necessary than sublimity; the latter elevates and thrills us with its grandeur, but it does not leave so lasting an impression as that which moves us with pity.—Pity is the most powerful of all our refined feelings, it is a chord which when struck, communicates its motion to all the concomitant passions, and breathes harmony and composure. Though we may be for a time pleased with show and splendor, yet all

tragic writings which take not hold of the heart, will soon loose all power to please, and excite no feeling but cold indifference.

THAT which is pathetic, is more easily felt than described.—We can say no more of it than *that it consists in such sentiments as are delivered from a feeling and contemplative mind in a state of sorrow and unhappiness—or the description given by one who feels the distress of another.*—This definition is not accurate, nor indeed can such be written.—As the philosopher can give no description of colours, or notify the marks by which he distinguishes one from another; no more can he who is melted into pity, by what he has heard or read, express what he feels.

OTWAY is a writer who will serve to exemplify much of what has been said on the pathetic in tragedy.—He was perhaps the most unfortunate of all poets—sunk to the lowest degree of poverty, neglected and treated with contempt by every licentious wit of his time : —He seldom rises to the sublime, but in pathos, he has never been surpassed, even Shakespeare in this cannot claim a superiority,

—His Orphan, though it has many faults, has many beautiful scenes—his Venice Preserved, a later production, is much the most perfect of all his works.—Although in giving extracts from a composition, we deprive them of that connected state in which they stand, yet we shall venture the following—the first from the Orphan, the latter from Venice Preserved.

MONIMIA having been treated with indignity and cruelty by her lover Castalio, for reasons and conduct unknown to her, and of which she was the innocent cause, was weeping and lamenting, when her brother Chamont enters,

CHAMONT.

In tears Monimia ?

MONIMIA.

Whoc'er thou art,

Leave me alone to my belov'd despair.

CHAMONT.

Lift up thy eyes and see who comes to cheer thee.

'Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then

See if my soul has rest till thou hast justice.

MONIMIA.

My brother !

CHAMONT.

Yes Monimia, if thou think'st
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.

MONIMIA.

Oh Castalio !

CHAMONT.

Ah !

Name me that name again ! my soul's on fire
'Till I know all : there's meaning in that name.
I know he is thy husband : therefore trust me
With all the following truth.

MONIMIA.

Indeed Chamont

There's nothing in it but the fault of nature :
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,
I know not why.

CHAMONT.

You use me ill, Monimia ;
And I think with justice most severely,
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.

MONIMIA.

Truly I'm not to blame : suppose I'm fond,
And grieve for what as much may please another.
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault ? you would not do so—would you?

CHAMONT.

Not if I'd cause to think it was a friend.

MONIMIA.

Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing ?
I ne'er conceal'd my soul from you before :
Bear with me now and search my wounds no farther
For every probing pains me to the heart.

CHAMONT.

'Tis sign there's danger and must be prevented.
Where's your new husband ? still that thought disturbs
What only answer me with tears ? *Castalio* ! [you
Nay now they stream,
Cruel, unkind *Castalio* is't not so ?

MONIMIA.

I cannot speak, grief flows so fast upon me
It chokes and will not let me tell the cause.

CHAMONT.

Oh my Monimia, to my soul thou'rt dear
As honor to my name : dear as the light
To eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of blindness ;
Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
'The anguish that torments thee ?

MONIMIA.

Oh ! I dare not.

CHAMONT.

I have no friend but thee : we must confide
In one another : two unhappy orphans

Alas we are ; and when I see thee grieve
Methinks it is a part of me that suffers.

MONIMIA.

Oh shouldst thou know the cause of my lamenting,
I'm satisfy'd, Chamont, that thou wouldst scorn me,
Thou wouldst despise the abject lost Monimia,
No more wouldst praise this hated beauty ; but
When in some cell distracted, as I shall be
Thou seest me lie ; these unregarded locks
Matted like furies tresses ; my poor limbs
Chain'd to the ground, and 'stead of the delights
Which happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes
A bed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish
Of wretched sustenance ; when thus thou seest me
Pr'ythee have charity and pity for me.
Let me enjoy this thought.

CHAMONT after having obtained from Monimia the cause of her sorrow, and the treatment which she had received ; jealous of her's and his honor, and breathing revenge, seeks for Castalio.—When he meets with him in the company of his father Acasto, he gives way to the natural impetuosity of his temper, and bids them both defiance : supposing their conduct partly to proceed from contempt, for his poverty and deserted condition he makes use in

the course of the dialogue of these words—
which are truly noble and affecting.

No ; nor shall

Monimia though a helpless orphan, destitute
Of friends and fortune, though th' unhappy sister
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
Be oppress'd by thee, thou proud imperious traitor.

So many beauties abound in Venice Preserved, that it is difficult to make choice of a scene.—The first meeting is however selected between Jaffier and Belvidera, who having been driven with curses from the house of their rich father Priuli, were wandering without a roof for shelter.—No other comment shall be offered upon it, than that the person is cold and insensible to love and pity, who can read it without more than common emotion.

BELVIDERA.

Lead me, lead me my virgins
To that kind voice. My lord, my love, my refuge,
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face ;
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh smile, as when our loves were in their spring
And cheer my fainting soul.

JAFFIER.

As when our loves
Were in their spring ? has then my fortune chang'd ?
Art thou not Belvidera still the same,
Kind, good and tender, as my arms first found thee ?
If thou art alter'd where shall I have harbour ?
Where ease my loaded heart ? oh ! where complain ?

BELVIDERA.

Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth ?
Beats not my heart as 'twould alarum thine
To a new charge of blifs ? I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother when she hugg'd thee first,
And blest'd the gods for all her travel past.

JAFFIER.

Can there in woman be such glorious faith ?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false ;
Oh woman ! lovely woman ! nature made thee
To temper man : we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair to look like you :
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

D

BELVIDERA.

If love be treasure, we'll be wond'rous rich ;
 I have so much my heart will surely break with't,
 Vows can't express it—when I would declare
 How great's my joy, I'm dumb with the big thought ;
 I swell and sigh, and labour with my longing.
 O lead me to some desert wide and wild,
 Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
 May have its vent ; where I may tell aloud
 To the high heavens and every listening planet,
 With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught ;
 Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
 Give loose to love with kisses kindling joy,
 And let off all the fire that's in my heart.

JAFFIER.

Oh Belvidera ! doubly I'm a beggar,
 Undone by fortune and in debt to thee ;
 Want, worldly want ! that hungry meager fiend
 Is at my heels, and chafes me in view.
 Canst thou bear cold and hunger ? can these limbs
 Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
 Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty,
 When banish'd by our miseries abroad,
 (As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
 (In some far climate where our names are strangers)
 For charitable succour ; wilt thou then,
 When in a bed of straw we shrink together,

And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads ;
 Wilt thou then talk thus to me ? wilt thou then
 Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love ?

BELVIDERA.

Oh I will love thee, even in madness love thee.
 'Tho' my distracted senses should forsake me,
 I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
 Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
 Tho' the bare earth be all our resting place,
 Its roots our food, some cleft our habitation,
 I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head ;
 As thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with sorrow,
 Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
 Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest ;
 Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

JAFFIER.

Hear this ye heavens, and wonder how ye made her
 Reign—reign ye monarchs that divide the world,
 Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
 Tranquillity and happiness like mine.

The Conduct and Unities of Tragedy.

“ THE language of tragedy, (says Addison) ought to be blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, tho’ we do not attend to it ; and is such a due medium between rhyme and prose, that it is wonderfully adapted to tragedy.” Aristotle, on the same subject, says, “ The expression ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in similitude, descriptions, and the like.”

By following these directions, authors have acknowledged their justness ; but many have gone too far, by bestowing on the active parts that labour and figurative ornament, which is only due to description.

THE plots of most the tragedies of the present day are founded on love, a passion beneath their dignity ; the fanaticism of the hapless lovers ! their vows of eternal constancy and truth ! their last farewell and tender sighs, are incidents too common to produce an exalted effect : they do not captivate the mind to virtue ; they present no true picture of heroism, nor teach mankind triumphantly to persevere in calamity.—With what more animating glow would we behold

The brave man struggling with the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.

THE orphan of Otway, although abounding with tender and natural sentiment, and written in the highest degree of the pathos, is very reprehensible for its foundation and indecency of conduct.

To draw accurate descriptions of characters is one of the chief difficulties of the drama.—It requires a comprehensive knowledge of nature, a delicate and energetic pencil.—In this excellency no writer has equalled Shakspeare ; when viewing his performances, we become

introduced to characters which intimately attract us by their natural coincidence.—Who has not laughed with Falstaff, and wept for the gallant Othello and the princely Hamlet? —Shakespeare has had many imitators, but all in this respect fall short of the great original.—Young in his revenge, has endeavored to improve the character of Iago, but although his zanga is a bold picture, it is still beneath its model.

THAT tragedy may have its best effect, the Unities ought to be preserved as much as possible ; and the plot ought to be of the simplex nature ; the nearer the performance approaches to strict probability, the greater will be its operation on the mind ; the writer ought not to transport the spectator to scenes far distant from the place where the drama is founded ; nor reduce within the short space of the performance, events which in the regular course of nature would occupy years ; we cannot conceive these as possible, and they consequently are not so powerful as otherways they would be.—If Shakespeare excels all authors

in most tragic requisites—with respect to (what are commonly called) the three unities, none are more faulty.—In his *Othello* and *Hamlet*, his two best pieces, we find many and striking deviations from them; particularly in *Hamlet*.

THE simple plot most critics have recommended; but it is much oftener neglected than observed.—Writers chuse for variety and enlargement to support counterplots during the progress of the main design.—These while they tend to draw the eye from the principal objects, require strict observation to follow their connection, weary the attention, and make but feeble impression on the memory.—How much more natural, forcible and affecting, when the scenes follow each other in regular succession, and all in one climax tend to one point: then the mind not led astray by episodes, is fixed wholly on the advancement of the grand design, and looks forward with thrilling expectation to the final catastrophe.

NOTWITHSTANDING this advice of Horace,
 “Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
 “*Fabulæ.*”

THERE is nothing more absurd than the denying the name of tragedy to all dramatic performances falling short of five acts.—It is equally false with the rigid criticism once prevalent, which considered no poems as epic but those which followed the footsteps of Homer and Virgil.—Many tragedies have been spoiled by the observance of this prejudice ; many scenes have been introduced, languid and disconnected from the regular course which would never have found admittance, had the nature and limit of the plot been alone considered.

THESE remarks however are to be considered, in a great degree confined ; five acts if the plot is extensive, offer the most noble exertion and the greatest display—it is only contended that the want of five acts is not an imperfection, and that the rule which asserts it to be such is in the highest degree arbitrary.

KAIMES and Blair whose judicious criticism none will doubt, have led the way in opposing the contracted spirit of imitation with respect to the epopee and the drama.—The

following are the words of the first of these authors.

“THE division of every play into five acts has no other foundation than common practice and the authority of Horace.—It is a division purely arbitrary—there is nothing in the nature of the composition which fixes this number rather than any other, and it had been better if no such number had been ascertained.”

Remarks on Cabal and Love :
A TRAGEDY.

By SCHILLER.

THIS tragedy if examined by the severe rules of dramatic criticism, particularly by those of Voltaire and the rigid French school, would be found in many respects faulty—the unities of time and place which it has not preserved, the frequent indulgence in soliloquy, the ludicrous character of Baron Mindheim, the letter fabricated by Worm, and written by Louisa ; the manner of the catastrophe, would probably be alledged against it.—Most of these objections however, excepting that of time and place, would pass mostly uncensured by the liberal English critic—for

this appears to be of most force on the score of regularity.—The letter that excites the jealousy of Ferdinand, is not however an happy device, for it is an instrument too common on the stage ; and though jealousy is easily excited, yet Baron Mindheim appears too contemptible a being to excite suspicions in a soul so noble and generous as Ferdinand's, while he knew that plots were preparing to tear Louisa forever from him.

THESE and whatever smaller faults it may possess, vanish from the view in comparison of its superior excellencies.—The characters are portrayed in the most masterly and finished manner—Schiller seems to have studied the representations of the immortal Shakespeare.—Equally capable to draw human nature, in its most depraved and in its most noble and beautiful form—he in this piece exhibits the contest of virtue and innocence, with treachery, horrible ambition and, hellish cruelty.—Never were drawn characters more hideous than count Faulkener and Worm ! Never were represented a combination of more sublime and

amiable qualities than those united in the gallant constant Ferdinand, and the sweet, tender, lovely Louisa.—Lady Milford though a secondary character is not without her peculiar excellencies.

THE language is wild, figurative and fluent, as is common with the German writers ; it often breathes energy and fire, and often irresistible pathos—with the liveliest emotion we trace the sufferings occasioned by a pure and unconquerable attachment ; with deepest sorrow behold Louisa forced by filial affection to devote herself to horror and despair !

FEW writers have shewn more knowledge than Schiller, in opening and preparing his drama, for the scenes and course of action which are to ensue—during the space of the first act all the principal characters are introduced and the preparatory narration brought to a happy close. What afterwards follows passes chiefly before the eye.

THE tragedies of Hamlet and Venice Preserved, are I think eminent examples of grand

and pertinent commencements, as much so as any in the English language. Shakspeare there instantly at the rising of the curtain excites in us sublimity and awe ; and Otway directly leads to the grand cause of all the events that follow in his scenes.—Cabal and Love, though not so striking in its introduction as either of these, yet leaves us equally prepared at the end of the first act for the events that take place. Schiller has also artfully restrained the fulness of his powers until the fifth act, which preserves its effects upon our feelings, in a higher degree than we have hitherto experienced in the play, until the last words falter on the dying lips of Ferdinand.

SCHILLER is most celebrated as the author of the *Robbers*.—That performance, the first of his dramatic works is a wonderful display of originality, imagination and powers of execution—no tragic writers that I have met with except Eschuylus and Shakspeare have excelled him in the terror and awe which he in that piece impresses on our mind.—One scene in particular at the tower, where Moor meets

with Herman, and delivers his father from confinement, is wrought to the highest pitch of force and excellence—it falls not beneath any scene I have ever read of the same nature and kind.

CABAL and Love is not however inferior to the Robbers in any effect but terror ; and this wholly results from the different plan and construction of the two tragedies. In many respects it is superior, it violates not so much the bounds of probability, preserves more attentively the most important rules of the drama, and is in general more highly finished.

THE following extract from the Tower Scene of the *Robbers*, spoken of in the preceding remarks, will shew the powers of Schiller more than any criticism.

A forest scene by moonlight—In one part of the scene a ruined Tower—The band of Robbers sleeping on the ground—Charles De-Moor walks across the heath—a distant bell strikes twelve.

Enter Herman, who speaks, and is answered by a voice from the tower.

Herman. Hush ! Hush ! How the howlet cries ! The village clock strikes twelve ;—all fast asleep—except remorse—and vengeance. (*He goes to the tower and*

knocks.) Come up, thou man of sorrow ? Tenant of the tower ! Thy meal is ready.

Moor. (*Draws back sbuddering.*) What can that mean ?

Voice from the tower.

Who knocks there ?—Is it thou, Herman, my raven ?

Herman. Yes, 'tis thy raven Herman—Come to the grate, and eat.—Thy comrades of the night make fearful music.—Old man, do thou relish thy meal ?

Voice. Yes—hunger is keen.—O thou who send'st the ravens ! accept my thanks—for this thy bread in the wilderness !—How fares it with my good friend Herman ?

Herman. Hush ! hark.—What noise is that ?—Do you hear nothing ?

Voice. No.—Do you hear any thing ?

Herman. The wind whistles through the rents of the tower—a music of the night that makes the teeth chatter, and the nails turn blue.—Hark, 'tis there again.—I hear a murmuring noise, like those who groan in sleep.—You have company, old man—hu ! hu ! hu !

Voice. Do you see any thing ?

Herman. Farewel, farewel ! Your delivery is at hand ! your avenger ! (*He is going hastily out.*)

Moor. (*Approaches sbuddering.*) Stop !

Herman. Who is that ?

Moor. Stop ! speak ! Who art thou ? What hast thou to do here ? Speak !

Herman. (*Coming forwards.*) 'Tis one of his spies—that's certain.—I've lost all fear. (*Draws his sword.*) Defend yourself, coward ! you have a man before you.

Moor. I'll have an answer. (*Strikes the sword out of his hand.*) What boots this childish sword-play ? Didst thou not speak of vengeance ?—Vengeance belongs exclusively to me—of all the men of earth.—Who dares infringe my rights ?

Herman. By heaven ! 'tis none of woman born—for that arm withers like the stroke of death.

Voice. Alas, Herman ! is it you who are speaking ?—Whom do you speak to ?

Moor. What ! still those sounds ?—What is a-doing here ? (*Runs towards the tower.*) Some horrible mystery, for certain, is concealed in that tower. This sword shall bring it to light.

Herman. (*Comes forward trembling.*) Terrible stranger ! art thou the wandering spirit of this desert—"or perhaps one of the ministers of that unfathomable retribution, who make their circuit in this lower world, and take account of all the deeds of darkness ?" Oh ! if thou art, be welcome to this tower of horrors !

Moor. Traveller of the night ! you have divined my function—the Exterminating Angel is my name—but I

am flesh and blood, as thou art.—Is this some miserable wretch, cast out of men, and buried in this dungeon? I will loose his chains.—Once more speak! thou Voice of terrors! Where is the door?

Herman. As soon could Satan force the gates of heaven, as thou that door.—Retire, thou man of strength! the genius of the wicked foils the common intellect of man. (*Strikes the door with his sword.*)

Moor. But not the craft of robbers. (*He takes some pass-keys from his pocket.*) For once I thank my God I've learnt that craft! These keys would mock hell's foresight. (*He takes a key, and opens the gate of the tower. —An old man comes from below, emaciated like a skeleton. Moor springs back with affright.*) Horrible spectre! my father!

Enter from the dungeon, the Old Count de Moor.

O. Moor. I thank thee, O my God! the hour of my deliverance is come!

Moor. Shade of the aged Moor! who has disturbed thy ashes in the grave? Hast thou brought with thee into the world of spirits some foul crime, that bars the gates of paradise on thy soul?—I will say prayers and masses of the dead, to gain thy spirit peace.—Hast thou hid in the earth the widow or the orphan's gold; and now in the expiation of that guilt, pour'st at the midnight hour the shriek of misery?—I'll dig that treasure up, tho guarded by hell's dragons.—Or comest thou

now, at my request, to expound to me the dread enigmas of eternity ? Speak, speak ! I will not blanch, nor stop the affrighted ear !

O. Moor. I am no spirit—but alive, as thou art !—
O life indeed of misery !

Moor. What ! wast thou not in thy grave ?

O. Moor. I was indeed interr'd*.—Three complete moons have I languished in this dark dungeon, where not a ray of light can penetrate—where no sweet air or healthful breath can enter—where the hoarse ravens croak, and the owls shriek !

Moor. Heaven and earth ! Who has done that ?

Herman. (*With savage joy.*) A son !

* GERM. Das heist, ein todter hund leigt in meinen vater gruft. *That is, a dead dog lies in my father's tomb.*
—An expression of which the Translator does not see the force, and therefore he has omitted it.

On the Power of Noble Actions on the Mind.

EVERY one is sensible of the impression made by viewing the sublime objects of nature—the blazing sun, the spacious firmament, the spangled heavens, the towering mountains, the variegated landscape, the expanded ocean, are all grand and beautiful, and we contemplate them with delight.—But when the howling tempest agitates and tosses the sea, prostrates forests and cities; or when the black cloud obscures the face of the heavens, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar; or when the earthquake shakes the solid globe; or when the dread volcano sends forth its columns of smoke, darts its livid flames, throws

its massy rocks, and pours its desolating lava all around—the pleasure experienced is mingled with the most profound awe—these though sublime in themselves, yet are too terrible to be viewed with sufficient composure; and chiefly please in recollection or description.

THE sensations which arise on viewing the noble actions of men, and which proceed from an innate greatness of mind, afford a pleasure more placid and more useful.—This greatness of mind may be defined to be a conduct suitable to the character and situation in which a person is placed—though it is not confined to any particular sphere in life, yet there are certain circumstances, which render it the more conspicuous, and exhibit it in its greatest lustre.—All who discharge with diligence and propriety the duties of their respective stations; all who under every difficulty and temptation, are wholly devoted to the service of mankind, are entitled to our admiration and praise; not less so than he who fills the chair of state, or than he who fighting in his country's cause gathers laurels in the crimsoned field.—To

few men is granted the opportunity of exercising their talents on a public theatre.

Too much has every age been captivated and dazzled with the exploits of heroes and conquerors. Happily we now begin to strip them of their false splendor, and to consider their actions only so far great, as they tended to the welfare of the human race.—Alexander, Cæsar and the late Frederick of Prussia, are deemed the pests of society, and the name of Howard conveys the idea of more excellence than them all. Talents misapplied like a meteor or comet call forth wonder, while they excite fear, but talents well directed like the bright orb of day shed a steady and enlivening light.

MAGNANIMITY is tried most in scenes either very prosperous or adverse—in prosperity it is not so much the object of attention, and does not generally obtain so much praise; but perhaps its exertion is greater than in any other case—at least many who have acted nobly under the most pressing dangers, have remitted their watch and disgraced their former cha-

ractions, when in the sunshine of prosperity ; Patriots whom no opposition could silence, have been corrupted by court favors ! Conquerors who a thousand times braved death, have been enervated by luxury ! And the most sternly virtuous in appearance have been seduced from their path, by the glitter of wealth and the enticement of pleasure—how exalted the conduct of him who steadily perseveres, amidst all the flattering prospects which the world can hold out ! he better deserves the name of hero, than he who hath vanquished armies, or put hosts to flight.—Cyrus and Alexander are more justly celebrated for those instances recorded of their self denial, than for all their splendid victories—nothing can rescue those from eternal infamy, who meanly submitted to the government of unlawful passions, and for these sacrificed their happiness and their fame.

In adversity likewise magnanimity is greatly tried, and here it shines the most conspicuous—to encounter dangers and sufferings with resolution and perseverance, is a principal part of

its description. No quality has received more general approbation than courage, and none more general contempt than cowardice—it is the manner in which Homer presents the actions of his principal heroes, which gives him his chief sublimity, and by which he continually enraptures his readers. When Nestor or Ulysses with glowing words animate to deeds of renown! when Hector strides the champion of the field, and death and carnage await his dreadful spear! when Ajax rears aloft his tow’ring bulk, and moves behind his seven-fold shield! when great Achilles raises in vengeful ire his voice aloud, and hosts with terror drop their arms and flee; attention is arrested, every thought absorbed, we feel, we burn with an ardour similar to theirs! this is an evidence how much we are transported, in beholding that strength of mind which is undaunted by the greatest dangers. The character rises still higher when the mind retains a persevering firmness, and is unsubdued by the most grievous calamities. We can conceive of nothing more grand and interesting—a heathen philosopher

discourfing concerning adverfity, fays “ There is not a fpectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his own works, than a brave man fuperior to his fufferings—that it muft be a pleafure to Jupiter himfelf, to look down from heaven and fee Cato amidft the ruins of his country preferving his integrity.”

THE fublime in fentiment elevates us with its loftinefs and grandeur—but being more particularly dependent on our refinement of intellectual ideas ; does not as the fublime in action, keep awake thofe paffions which lead to emulation and enterprize ; and which belong more generally to all men.

CONTEMPLATION, the fource of pureft delight to the intelligent being, and however valuable in itfelf, is refpected as fubfervient to action.—The moft fublime fentiments of the poet, touch not the heart with that rapturous glow, which the defcription of a hero infpire ! Not the bright glory of the orb of day ; not the drear horrors of the infernal fhares, whole clofing gates, “ grate harfh thunder,” fo ftrike the mind or wrap the imagination, as when

the poet bursts forth in the terribly sublime description of Satan preparing for battle.

On the other side Satan alarm'd
Collecting all his might, dilated stood
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd :
His stature reach'd the sky and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd.

Not all the murmuring streams of Paradise, its blooming gardens, and its lonely bowers, present a picture so delightful, so interesting to the view, as the majestic form of Adam, and the soft beauty of his partner Eve.

For contemplation he and valor form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace :
His fair large front, and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule ; and Hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
She as a veil down to her slender waist
Her unadorned, golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight
Of God or Angel for they thought no ill :
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met.

Rinaldo : *A Gothic Fragment.*

RETURNING from the conquest of Jerusalem under the renowned Godfrey ; Rinaldo, a knight of the illustrious order of Malta, wandering from his companions, lost his way in the dreary forests of F —— Hoping soon to find a termination to the woods, so that he might again know the course he should pursue, alighting from his steed, he directed his way over frightful heaths, thro' wilds and thickets where he could not trace the marks of any human being.—Night came on without the completion of his hopes, and the prospect lay before him more gloomy and boundless than ever.—Faint and fatigued, Rinaldo threw himself down and reclined his head on the turf—the winds sighed hollow and solemn through

the trees, and spirits seemed to shrink from the neighbouring glooms.—Rinaldo started with dread and unsheathed his sword—although foremost in the field of battle, and the champion most feared that fought under the christian banners—yet a superstitious awe chilled his heart, when by the pale glimpses of the moon, which trembled thro' the openings of the woods, he viewed the scene which surrounded him.—Nature seemed there to have assumed her most dreary and terrific form—the fullen sublimity of horror.—Rinaldo endeavored to banish his situation from his mind, and to seek quietness and strength from sleep. He had scarce closed his eyes, when he thought he heard the toll of a distant bell—he started and listened, and distinctly heard the sound repeated.—Yielding at first to the ideas and apprehensions which the place inspired, he supposed it the voice of something more than human—but thinking that perhaps it might be the curfew of some monastery, he resolved to follow the way, which from the sound he judged would bring him to the place from whence it

came. With drawn sword he wandered cautiously along.—He had not proceeded far, when the towers of a castle rising above all the trees that surrounded it, caught his eye.—Animated by the sight, he forced his way with perseverance through the entangled thickets, until by chance he discovered a path which led directly to the castle.—When he approached so near as to observe by the moon the form of the building, he paused, doubtful whether to attempt an entrance into it.—The curfew had now ceased its tolling.—Rinaldo looked if he could perceive any light to glimmer thro' the lattices—he listened if he could distinguish any sounds within the walls ; but he could not see or hear any—all was silent as the house of death—nothing seemed to molest its “ancient solitary reign.”—The moat which surrounded the rampart, was in part filled with fragments of ruins—and what water remained in it was stagnant ; the bridge over it broken and decayed—the gothic towers and battlements of the castle, still dared the attack of a foe—the walls covered with moss yet frowned defiance

to time, although they appeared to have braved already the fury of several centuries.—Rinaldo after he had attentively viewed the castle, resolved to obtain an entrance if possible, whether inhabited or not.—Curiosity and undaunted boldness, prompted him on.—He had not advanced many steps unto the bridge, when he perceived on the opposite side of the moat, a tall figure muffled in a garment, glide swiftly along towards the eastern tower, and vanish from his view; this confirmed the knight that the castle was inhabited, but the appearance and movement of the figure excited no hope of relief; but rather warned him of the danger of his design.—Rinaldo however a stranger to fear, after he had crossed the moat, sought the spot where the figure had disappeared, but he could not discover any opening or entrance; firm and resolved, he then approached the tottering porch situated nearly about the centre of the building.—The massy door resisted all his force—several times he raised the rusted knocker, and heard the hollow sounds roll through the mouldering halls—he desisted, and all was si-

lent—he waited for some time in anxious suspense, and at length heard a foot-step move along the floor and approach the door—the lock with hideous recoil, gave way to the force within—the door flew open with a sudden crash—Rinaldo undauntedly rushed in with his sword drawn and extended—the door with irresistible violence closed again upon its hinge—and the knight was heard of no more. * *

* * * * *

POEMS.

BUT hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !
Whose song sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood and informs my youth—
O let your spirit my fond bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide !

BEATTIE.

*Oscar : A Poem, in imitation of the
manner of Ossian.*

OSCAR was the son of Ossian, the youngest and the most celebrated of all the warriors of Fingal. Wherever Ossian speaks of him in his battles, he seems to burn with more than usual enthusiasm; and when he mentions him at and after his death (as related in the first book of Temora) he no where excites more pity and tenderness.

THE following poem is represented to have been written by Ossian after Oscar's death, in which he endeavors to comfort himself for the loss of his son by relating his exploits, and triumph over Orla, when Fingal first gave

him the command of his troops—though the author has made use of several of the names, which Ossian mentions in his works; the battle here described against Orla, is entirely fictitious and founded upon no facts related by Ossian.

THE beam of morn arose, the sound of battle spread around; each warrior struck the bossy shield of his father, and lifted his aspen spear, bright in their dazzling arms and bold in their strength, the warriors of Fingal appear: the tribes of Orla, like the noise of many streams, gather around their dark-ey'd chief; Fingal was absent at the hall of Cormac, the son of Ossian led his men to the battle, for Fingal rejoiced in the youth and strength of my Oscar, and gave him in his absence the spear of command—lovely wast thou then my son, as the unclouded dawn of day, thy steps were like the roe on the heath of Morven, thy boldness like the eagle that sits on the cliffs of Tromathon! Thy heroes beheld thee as a beam of light, thou didst gladden their hearts; but awful wert thou to the foe, they could not

stand before the terror of thine eye : thou didst move over the field graceful and majestic as Loda,* thy arms glitter'd to the beam, and death was on thy waving plume—Orla stood fullen like a blasted pine of the forest ; in a voice of rage he called his chiefs, pride was on his lowering brow, and he despised the youth of Oscar. “ Behold (said he) the weakness of the foe, Fingal retires from the battle before the fame of Orla, he fears the weakness of his hoary locks, and the lightning of my blade : were Fingal in the smiles of his youth, he alone of mortal men could contend with Orla, but his arm is now weak and he flies before me—the pride of Oscar now leads the foe, his feeble youth hardly supports the weight of his shield, few are the battles he has seen, few are the feats of his fame, he now first lifts in command the spear of his fathers ; yet proud in his weakness he dares the might of Orla, I disdain the strife of the feeble, yet I will extinguish this beam of light that cometh to his ruin.” He said and indignant struck again

* An ancient Caledonian deity.

his shield and strode towards the foe—the tribes of the desert started and trembled at the sound—the sons of the sea heard it, and affrightened turned their barks from the shores of blood—The friends of Fingal followed to the strife of spears the steps of Oscar—Gaul the son of Morni rear'd his strength by the side of the youth, for Ossian prayed him to be near his son—the heroic beauty of Fillan followed closely behind, and the might of car-borne Ardvinn, many chiefs of deathless name pour'd along dreadful in arms. Like the star that first glitters from the heavens at the dusk of the eve, and is the first in brightness and beauty among the wandering train of the night ; so before the rest shone the darling son of Ossian. Fingal the first of mortal men surpassed thee not my Oscar in the morning of his days.

THE foe came on in his wrath ; Orla breathed slaughter and death, earth trembled beneath his haughty stride,* like the storm which for a time sits brooding in silent horror

* Grimly he smil'd, earth trembled as he strode.

over the deep, but suddenly awakened pours
 its fearful wrath and spreads destruction over
 land and sea ; so met the heroes ; so before the
 sword fell the men of fame—the songs of the
 bards were not heard—the noise of their battle
 spread far around—the warriors strode in
 blood—death followed quick behind the steps
 of Morni's son—his steel was dyed in the blood
 of many of the foe, laid low by the power of
 his arm—the youth of Fillan was like the swift
 blast that skims the lake of Lego—his rage
 terrible as the young tiger thirsting for prey ;
 but my gallant Oscar in the first field of his
 fame was himself an host ; wherever he came
 death strewed his paths, none could stand be-
 fore the youthful hero ; the ghosts of his slain
 shrieked from the hills and melted in the blast
 from the lightning of his blade—Orla in his
 sullen soul beheld the deeds of Oscar—he be-
 held his warriors fall beneath his arm—he
 rolled his dark eye awfully upon him, and
 darted where he fought ; Oscar eluded his in-
 tent and received his sword, harmless on his
 shield, the rage of Orla increased, and Oscar

panted for fame—who can describe the strife of the chiefs? 'twas like the meeting of two mighty streams; 'twas as the battle of two spirits in the clouds—the warriors of each rested upon their spears, and beheld in silence the conflict—the songs of the bards died upon their harps—all was suspended in awe: weep not daughter of Toscar! Malvina dry the tear from thy sadly musing eye! here thy hero did not fall, he triumphed, the pride of Orla fell beneath him, his boastings were humbled in the dust.—After the death of their chief the foe fled, and thy Oscar pursued them over the plain.

SUCH was among the first of the feats of my son—but where Ossian is thy darling now? where is now the support of thy evening days? where is thy only branch—where is thy Oscar? His fame is now only with the bards; he now rests with the spirits of his fathers—the sod of the valley covers the young prince of heroes; weep sorrowful Malvina,* weep with Ossian.

* Oscar was engaged to be married to Malvina within a few days when he was slain: her beauty and

in his beauty he has fallen—in the early dawn of his days, he has fallen, fighting the battles of Temora. Ossian is now alone, no hopes of him survive; the last of his race will sink with him to the grave.* Who will hereafter speak of Ossian? who will tell of the king of bards? the times will be when Ossian's fame shall be her affection for Oscar are tenderly described by Ossian; with whom after Oscar's death she lived and assisted to comfort in his old age and blindness.

“ It is the voice of my love! few are his visits to my dreams. But thou dwellest in the soul of Malvina son of mighty Ossian—my sighs arise with the beams of the east; my tears descend with the drops of the night. I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blast from the desert and laid my green head low—the spring return'd with its showers, but no green leaf of mine arose.”

POEM OF CROMA.

* Roll on ye dark brown years, for ye bring no joy on your course, let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of the song are gone to rest: my voice remains like a blast that roars lonely on the sea, surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there, and the distant mariner sees the waving trees.”

POEM OF BERRATHON.

darkened—when men will not believe in his song. Soon, and Ossian shall be no more—soon and all who now live, shall sleep with their fathers.—Man is of to-day ; but to-morrow they who knew him, shall see him and know him—no more.

THIS is the last of Ossian's songs—his strength fails—his spirits are strewed with the blast.

Oenone : The Deserted Shepherdess.

THIS epistle is imitated from Ovid, but not literally translated.—Several passages have been here omitted which are in the original, and some additions made which it does not contain.—I mention this that I may not be supposed to have deviated from the latin through mistake, and that these verses may not be considered as a strict copy.

PARIS the son of Priam, celebrated in fabulous history for his elegance and beauty ; while he kept a flock in Ida's grove, fell in love with Oenone, and received her hand in marriage.—During his residence with her, he was made umpire between the rival goddesses, Venus, Juno and Minerva, to decide who ex-

Orlando : *The Melancholy Shepherd.*

IN truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene ;
In darkness and in storm he found delight,
Nor less than when on ocean wave serene ;
The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling shone—
Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul ;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear so sweet he wish'd not to contrö.

BEAT. MINST. *Back I.*

WHEN will this world resume its wonted state ?
When will those Grecian days again return ?
If ever such there were—when honest worth
And not curs'd gold ; alone exalted man.
When love was won by manly form and virtues,
And not corrupted by the proud man's wealth ;
When friendship flow'd from the congenial soul,

Nor cringing follow'd splendor's gaudy car.—
 Had young Orlando liv'd in such blest times
 He had not been the humble wight he was ;
 Then not dependent for his homely fare
 He had not kept a lordly master's sheep ;
 Then no gay female had despis'd his love,
 Or met his modest diffidence with frowns,
 His muse would then have won immortal fame,
 His sword the conqueror's wreath—his virtue, friendship
 —For most those qualities which grace the poet,
 The soldier, and the man Orlando had ;
 But poverty conceal'd them from the world,
 Nor culture rear'd the tender plant to bloom.—

No pipe so often in the still of eve
 Breath'd its soft warblings o'er the drowsy plain,
 As young Orlando's, and none so pleasing
 Told its melting tale ;
 No shepherd lad of brave Orlando's years,
 Could with such vigour launch the pond'rous stone,
 Or with such skill direct the arrow's point.
 No shepherd with such swift and easy grace
 Could skim along the plain ; or daring leap ;
 None in the wrestler's hardy skilful art,
 Could match the youth, or cast him on the turf.
 These rural pastimes once he dearly lov'd,
 Once none more eager to bear off the prize
 Bestow'd on those who in these arts excell'd—
 But soon as nineteen years had told their tale,

Their former pleasure and their relish vanish'd,
 Nor more ambition led him to the contest ;
 For then the youth more keenly knew dependence,
 Then first fair Anna drew his eye of love.—

The village youth had met upon the plain,
 (As often was their fond and rural custom)
 To imitate the ancient Grecian games.
 All ranks that dwelt within the little township
 With joy conven'd to see the shepherd's strife.
 Among the maids the smiling Anna came
 Inspiring love ; rich Alner's only child :
 Hung careless on her back her darkish hair ;
 And floated o'er her half-seen lovely limbs
 Her robe of snowy hue.—Upon her cheek
 Shaded with artless curls, health blushing sat ;
 Her bright blue eye ro'v'd transient o'er the lawn,
 Oft tow'rd the shepherds bent a melting glance.
 She shone supreme the beauty of the plain,
 Like a rich flower unrival'd by its fellows.

The bold Orlando with his comrade swains,
 In hop'd suspense stood ready for the race ;
 His pleasing thoughts then no fond female drew,
 Tall and erect he waited the command,
 To cleave the air and dart across the green ;
 The flush of manly beauty ting'd his cheek,
 And animation sparkled from his eye :
 His sprightly limbs in strict proportion form'd
 His easy movement and engaging air,

Drew every eye among the female train.—
 Then Anna first beheld him and admir'd,
 And often on the shepherd fix'd her eye ;
 He casting heedless his dark eyes around
 Met her sweet killing look ; and felt his breast
 With soft and unknown palpitation heave.
 'Then first the flame of tyrant love was kindled,
 Then first Orlando's sorrows took their date.
 Unhappy swain recal thy heart again !
 No flock is thine that crops the verdant field,
 'Thou only art a poor dependent lad !
 And Anna's rich and cannot count her wealth ;
 Her only admiration was thy form—
 He must be wealthy who would seek her hand.
 The word is given—and swift as eagle's wings,
 Start the young swains, and scarcely seem to press
 Or touch the verdure with their fleeting feet ;
 But far before the rest Orlando flies,
 (His loose locks waving on the passing wind)
 And gains the goal—and claims his easy prize.
 But small the joy and pleasure to the victor,
 He does not triumph as he did before ;
 For lovely Anna most attracts his thoughts.
 But ah ! what torment pierc'd his gentle feelings,
 When first he learnt her parent's wealth and pow'r,
 And still more keenly Anna's pride and scorn.
 Then vanish'd from his breast the cheerful glow,
 Content and peace, untouch'd by envy's sting,

The love of pleasure and of rural sports.
 In solitudes alone he found delight !
 Where banish'd from all human observation,
 He might bemoan his sad unpitied lot,
 And trace those scenes congenial to his soul.

How oft ye streams unconscious of his woe,
 Has his lone music stole across your bosom,
 And mingled with the murmur of your wave !
 How oft ye groves surrounded in your shades
 When twilight spread its gradual dusky veil,
 Has the fond shepherd pour'd his unheard song,
 And trac'd the moon, pale rising thro' your trees ;
 How oft your brows ye lofty rising mounts
 Which frown with sullen pride upon the vale !
 Has he with wandering devious footstep climb'd,
 Call'd lonesome echo from its distant haunt ;
 And view'd the landscape spread beneath his eye.
 But now no more ye solitary scenes !
 Will ye behold your hapless youth return,
 No more his pipe shall wake your stilly gloom,
 And of proud Anna's cruelty complain—
 Beneath yon willow bending o'er the brook,
 And kissing with its weeping boughs the stream ;
 Cover'd with earth and with the grassy sod,
 The youthful shepherd rests his humble head ;
 A feeling lad—a victim of disdain.
 Unknown to many, few lament his fate,

Few moisten with their tears his early tomb
 Or spread Orlando's genius and his worth :
 For he was poor—and who that's poor has friends,
 In these cold days of selfishness and wealth.

Orlando was a sad romantic youth,
 His bosom glow'd with every generous warmth :
 Enraptur'd with the muse, he often told
 His simple pastoral lay, but it ran not
 In lively numbers but in pensive sweetness.
 Nature he lov'd, for who that has the soul
 Of poesy, of tenderness and virtue,
 Can view with cold indifference her charms?
 If any can, not such this feeling swain ;
 His greatest joy was tracing her fair scenes.
 Oft when the morn first trembled in the east,
 And banish'd darkness from the slumbering earth,
 Orlando left his bed, and little cot,
 Clamber'd the hillock's height to mark the sun
 First tinge the sky with blushing streaks of gold,
 And gradual burst with his whole pomp and splendor ;
 The tow'ring mountains all are tipt with red—
 The lake slow winding thro' its sedge bed,
 Reflects the radiance trembling o'er its wave.
 The plains with gladness meet the god of day
 And echo to the bleatings of the flocks—
 Forth from the grove the joyful music wakes,
 Varying and wild ; sweet nature's tuneful band,
 The shepherd calling to his straying flock,

Is distant heard amidst the thankful strains,
 And now and then is wafted to the ear,
 The music of the mountain goatherd pipe.
 At noon when panting with the scorching heat,
 Orlando drove his flock to cooling shades,
 Where soft and bubbling from the sloping hill,
 The limpid rill in easy windings stole;
 There while his sheep lay basking on the grass
 Or lave their snowy fleeces in the stream;
 He on the mossy bank at length reclin'd
 Would view the peaceful scene; and pensive muse,
 And to his flock attentive tune his pipe;
 Tho' dull misfortune's son, he lov'd to look
 On happiness, nor sullen envy'd bliss.
 But most when evening silent in her steps,
 Threw o'er the landscape her dim misty shade,
 And nature mourning wept the close of day;
 The shepherd lov'd to take his lonely walk:—
 His favorite songstresses then resum'd her tale,
 And every sadness hung upon the breeze;
 All that was cheerful faded from the view,
 And melancholy held alone her reign.
 Then while the little families of peasants
 Gather together on the level turf:
 Orlando slowly bent his heedless way,
 Along the wood which skirts the river's bank
 With downcast, thoughtful eye, and folded arms.
 When the far distant curfew with drear toll,

Struck superstitious dread in fearful minds ;
 Not so it met Orlando's listening ear,
 It was a solemn music to his care,
 And gave a deeper mourning to the scene.
 The river washing with its waves its bank,
 And now and then the boatman's dashing oar,
 Are sounds which ever pleas'd his brooding soul.
 But Philomela's warbling most he lov'd,
 When from the branches of some spreading tree,
 She fill'd the thickets with her love-sick tale :
 Busy remembrance when she sweetly sung,
 Would trace past scenes and dwell on Anna's charms :
 The moralizing swain would speak of man,
 How soon his pleasures pass in haste away,
 And morning find him in a chilly grave.
 The muse records these feeling lines he wrote
 With pencil—lighted by the full orb'd moon,
 When the sad songstrefs had her sorrows told,
 And all was hush'd to stillness in the grove.

“ Thou sweet companion of my lonely hours,
 “ Who like Orlando shun'st thy fellow tribes
 “ To pour thy sorrows to the listening night !—
 “ Not like the world thou giv'st thy little favors
 “ To those who most are blest with fortune's smiles,
 “ But to the vassal equal with his Lord.
 “ A youth unfortunate, a prey to love,
 “ Unknown to any tenderness but thine ;
 “ Who lost his parents in his infant years,

- “ And ever since has been a shepherd boy,
 “ (Attendant on a haughty master's flock)
 “ Repays thy gently soothing strain with tears;
 “ When few his favors most he feels those few.
 “ Say songstresses, dost thou mourn unhappy love?
 “ Thou sure must mourn it—for thou sing'st so sad!
 “ But ah! thou art not like Orlando scorn'd,
 “ For all among thy feather'd race are equal;
 “ The passion is not sway'd by rank, but instinct:
 “ But *poor* Orlando's spurn'd because he's poor;
 “ Anna disdains him—for she's rich and fair,
 “ Bright as yon moon—but even more deceitful.
 “ But soon sweet bird, and all thy songs shall end,
 “ That little throat be clos'd which pours such warblings,
 “ And he who mourns with thee amid this bower
 “ Soon to this world of care shall bid adieu,
 “ Nor longer buffet poverty and woe.
 “ Perhaps then Anna may bedew his turf,
 “ With one kind tear—and say the swain had virtues!
 “ But ah! deceiving dream—she who has heard
 “ So many ardent vows—with killing scorn,
 “ Because her pleading swain was poor and humble,
 “ Will never think with pity on his death;
 “ But all is one—what she, or what the world
 “ Think of Orlando when he's in his grave,
 “ For scorn or pity cannot reach him there.

Oscar : *A Poem, in imitation of the
manner of Ossian.*

O S C A R was the son of Ossian, the youngest and the most celebrated of all the warriors of Fingal. Wherever Ossian speaks of him in his battles, he seems to burn with more than usual enthusiasm; and when he mentions him at and after his death (as related in the first book of Temora) he no where excites more pity and tenderness.

THE following poem is represented to have been written by Ossian after Oscar's death, in which he endeavors to comfort himself for the loss of his son by relating his exploits, and triumph over Orla, when Fingal first gave

darkened—when men will not believe in his song. Soon, and Ossian shall be no more—soon and all who now live, shall sleep with their fathers.—Man is of to-day ; but to-morrow they who knew him, shall see him and know him—no more.

THIS is the last of Ossian's songs—his strength fails—his spirits are strewed with the blast.

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PARIS the son of Priam, celebrated in fabulous history for his elegance and beauty ; while he kept a flock in Ida's grove, fell in love with Oenone, and received her hand in marriage.—During his residence with her, he was made umpire between the rival goddesses, Venus, Juno and Minerva, to decide who ex-

celled in charms. He declared in favor of Venus, who promised him the hand of the most beautiful of women.—Soon after this he sailed with a fleet to Greece, saw the celebrated Helen queen of Sparta, and neglectful of Oenone, prevailed upon her in her husband's absence, to espouse him and accompany him to Troy. Oenone still faithful to the cruel Paris, and unable to conquer her attachment for him, is represented writing this epistle in order to excite him to a return of his affection for her.

Oenone to Paris.

R E A D cruel Paris this dejected strain,
And do not treat it with a proud disdain ;
Feel as you did when by my faithful side
You sought carresses from no spartan bride !
O read it o'er, it is my last request !
It breathes no threatenings to disturb your rest ;
The far-fam'd nymph of Phrygia's tufted grove,
Here mourns your absence and ungrateful love.
Still would my heart call treacherous Paris mine,
If thou would'st call the sad Oenone thine.
What god opposing my once peaceful lot
Has borne my shepherd from this fertile spot ?
What have I done, what crime lurks in my breast
'That I'm no longer of your love possess'd ?
When we deserv'dly suffer pain and ill,
We ought to bear it with resigning will ;
But heavily we droop beneath the blow,
Which leaves disgrace and undeserved woe.

You was but poor, a lowly shepherd swain,
 And kept a little flock upon the plain,
 When I of noble birth beheld your charms,
 And first receiv'd you to my loving arms ;
 Tho' now great Priam's son and prince of Troy,
 You then was only a mien shepherd boy ;
 Nor in that rank, did you I scorn to wed,
 But took a youthful stranger to my bed.

Often beneath the still sequester'd shade
 Amidst the flocks which wanton'd o'er the glade,
 Cheerful we've sat secluded from the heat,
 While zephyrs whisper'd thro' our cool retreat—
 Oft in our little cot secure from hail,
 Descending rains and midnight's hollow gale ;
 In bed of straw upon each other's breast,
 Happy we've lain, and sweetly sunk to rest.

Who led you to the caverns hung with rocks,
 Where savage beasts conceal'd their infant flocks ?
 Who led you to the forests stock'd with game,
 'To the lone waters where the rein-deer came ?
 I lost Oenone there your footsteps led,
 The knotted net with these soft hands have spread,
 Follow'd your paths the mountain's giddy rounds,
 And with my presence cheer'd your sweeping hounds.

Beneath the beach-trees, weeping oft I stand
 And read my name carv'd by your gentle hand,
 As their round trunks increase, expands the name,

To shew and vindicate Oenone's claim.
 There grows a poplar on the river's steep,
 (Ah well I know it, there I sit and weep)
 Which blooms and thrives your treachery to prove,
 And bears the motto of our early love :
 Flourish thou poplar by the waters ~~fold~~,
 On whose green bark, these well-known lines are read
 " Sooner shall Xanthus leave his channel dry,
 " Than Paris live without Oenone's by ;"
 Xanthus flow back ! ye murmur'ing streams decay,
 Paris still lives, is faithless, far away.

On that unhappy day began my woe,
 When wandering thro' the woods with bended bow,
 Venus and Juno and the queen of arms,
 Made you the judge who most excell'd in charms :
 Then jealous fears bade every transport cease,
 Then blackening storms o'ercast my former peace ;
 My bosom heav'd, my strength and colour fled,
 When you return'd and the dread tidings spread ;
 To aged matrons I express'd my fear,
 Who all agreed that sorrow's hand was near.

When your bold vessels waited your command,
 To bear you from me to a foreign land,
 You wept and press'd me with a warm embrace
 And kiss'd the tears that trickled down my face,
 Still loth to part you gaz'd upon my charms
 And closer held me fainting in your arms,
 You scarce had spirits when you sad withdrew

To bid your shepherdes a last adieu!
 'The white sea foams beneath your steady oars,
 And gales propitious waft you from the shores;
 'The lessening canvass my dim eyes pursue
 And with their tears the moisten'd sand bedew,
 With ardent prayers the Nereids I implore,
 To speed your passage and my peace restore;
 Have then my prayers brought you thus back again
 To mock my love and to insult my pain?
 Have I call'd heaven for blessings on your head,
 To see you partner of a harlot's bed?

A towering rock o'erlooks the boundless waves,
 Which frowns defiance and their fury braves;
 'There first I spy'd from its bleak giddy steep
 Your sails approaching o'er the foaming deep,
 Scarce in my transport could I then refrain
 From plunging headlong in the passing main.
 Borne by propitious winds your ship drew nigh
 And first my rival met my searching eye,
 Round her lov'd form your faithless arms were press'd
 Her head enamour'd hung upon your breast:
 With furious hands I tore my floating hair,
 And beat my breast in wildness of despair;
 My cry resounded thro' fair Ida's grove
 The happy scenes of once our *happy* love.
 May gaudy Helen too like me complain,
 And mourn like me forsaken lover's pain!

May she in future, feel those throbbing woes
Which now on poor Oenone she bestows !

You now love one whose false and roving mind,
Has left for you her princely spouse behind ;
But when a shepherd here your flock you fed
I made you offer of my virgin bed ;
A little cot was all my peaceful home,
I sought not riches nor a costly dome,
I lov'd you not for being Priam's son,
Nor pomp nor splendor e'er Oenone won ;
Yet Priam and his wife need not disown
Me as unworthy of their blood and thrown ;
Comfort to you my merit could command,
Nor would a sceptre ill become my hand.

'Tis no disgrace that I have lain with you
On new fall'n leaves that glitter'd with the dew ;
More am I fitted to ascend your bed
Where diamonds dazzle and their lustre shed ;
Then in my arms you might securely sleep,
No hostile ships would plow your angry deep ;
But Helen's dowry will be wars alarms,
Greece will demand her with revengeful arms ;
And pride will swell the haughty fair one's breast,
To see for her two nations in contest.

Shame to the man who for a treacherous bride
Will stab his honor, and his country's pride !

Shame to the man who for a stol'n embrace,
Will bring destruction on the trojan race.

And do not think this Helen will prove true,
False to all others so she'll be to you ;
Now young Atrides mourns his injur'd love,
You in your turn shall his dishonor prove.
When chastity once droops its sullied form,
No more 'twill blossom, and survive the storm ;
One little stain secludes it from the day,
Nor rolling years can mold that stain away.
Helen's warm passions now on you are turn'd,
So once for Sparta's prince they lively burn'd,
But now his gallant unsuspecting heart,
Feels his disgrace and her dissembling art.

O happy woman ! godlike Hector's wife
How sweet thy slumbers, how serene thy life !
No jealous fears thy virtuous love controul,
Constant as warlike, is thy Hector's soul ;
Had I, in Paris, Hector's virtues found
Like thine, my days had pass'd their fleeting round.

But lighter than the autumn's wither'd leaves,
Scatter'd and blown by every passing breeze ;
Paris forsakes me for another's charms,
Nor longer sinks enraptur'd in my arms :
But still my Paris, still for you I sigh,
For you the tear still glistens in my eye ;
Faithful to you I spurn with cold disdain,
The love and offers of each wealthy swain.

Not heaven or earth with all its bounteous store,
 Can ease my bosom, or my joy restore,
 To you alone I plead my languid grief,
 'Tis you alone can bring me sweet relief !
 Pity a faithful, sad, neglected maid,
 Revist Ida's melancholy shade !
 Pity a maid who loves with tenderest woe,
 And merits all your *pity* can bestow !
 Aily'd with me no bloody wars you'll dread,
 Soft peace shall hover o'er our blissful bed.
 I am your own ; I am your only wife,
 And pass'd with you my virgin years of life :
 May heaven look down with mercy on my tears,
 And crown with Paris my remaining years.

*Lines written on seeing the Represent-
tation of a City in Ruins.*

THIS lonely battlement, this fighting hall,
These scatter'd fragments and this mould'ring wall,
'Thro' which the tempest pours its solemn sound,
And perfive ivy folds its wreaths around,
Mark the drear spot that once a city spread,
Where the tall column rear'd its haughty head ;
Where happiness once strung her lyren long,
And splendor roll'd its dazzling pomp along,
Where regal pride sat smiling on his throne
And wisdom, valor, soft-cy'd beauty shone.

How chang'd the scene ! all these are past away,
Pride, pomp and grandeur moulder in decay ;
Mirth's voice is hush'd and o'er the silent plain,
A fearful horror holds its Gothic reign ;
Dull melancholy strikes its sleepy string
And superstition spreads her raven wing.

The moon the empress of the gloomy night,
 Looks down with sorrow on the tragic fight,
 While mournful wandering her eccentric way
 She lights the ruins with her trembling ray ;
 The bird of night espies her grateful beam
 And from some crevice flings his hallow scream.

Approach proud man, behold this fallen state,
 Learn human grandeur, and the word of fate ?
 “ All earthly scenes successive pass away
 “ All earthly glory hastens to decay !”

The Maid of the Cot:

A Pastoral.

BENEATH that lone sorrowful shed,
By whose door the brook murmuring flows,
Where the poplar elates its tall head
And blooms the neglected wild rose ;
Liv'd Aline the maid of the cot
Reclin'd on the bosom of rest,
No honors, no riches she sought,
No sorrows invaded her breast.

She tript in her rambles the plain
And drove her flock playful along,
She stole the kind love of the swain
And hail'd the chaste eve with her song :
Delightful her feelings to please
The loneliness and stillness of groves,
The hollow complaint of the breeze,
The birds sweetly warbling their loves.

Peace constant attended her ways
And mark'd the fond spots which she chose,
She dwelt in her pastoral lays,
She sunk on her lap to repose ;
But ceas'd is the voice of her lay,
Deserted her flock and her cot,
Her virtue is stolen away,
And Aline's repose is forgot.

Ode to Superstition:

In Imitation of Collins.

W HENCE that horrid sight,
Stalking through the gloom of night!
Darting o'er the heath its eye
And shrieking with a spirit's shrill and death-like cry!

Fell vision hence—approach not here,
'The soul that's upright and sincere
Thou canst not harm;
Thou canst not stupify with magic spell,
Or clutch it with thy frightful arm,
Or sink it in thy shivering cell.

Hence with all thy darkling brood!
Throbbing fear and horror bath'd in blood,
Terror with his bristling hair
Ghastly as death; inflexible despair.

Dæmon avaunt ! thy hellish reign is o'er,
Bound to thy native home thou shalt disturb no more ;
'Thy favor'd reign of Gothic night is fled
Resume thy chains, and sink thy impious head !

Hope : *An irregular Ode.*

P A R T I.

DRESS'D in blooming amaranthine wreaths,
Sweet hope at distance smiles,
Her genial spirit joy and rapture breathes,
And cunningly beguiles.
'The tinge of health glows blushing on her cheek,
Her hair waves on the wind,
Her eyes bewitching, eloquently speak,
Her accents steal the mind.

Along the laughing plain,
The graces in her train ;
Fair, young and gay she swiftly glides,
Scarce the thin robe her heaving bosom hides.

On all she bends her mild and placid look,
All feel her soft alarms,
The humble shepherd leans upon his crook,
And ponders on her charms.

From the sad lover's drooping languish
 She steals away the sigh,
 She rears his thoughtful head from anguish,
 And darts a lustre in his melting eye ;
 Where Philomela pours her pensive song,
 And peace and quiet lull the rural shade
 Musing he roves with folded arms along,
 While hope in whispers calls the haughty maid ;
 She breathes her spirit thro' the lonely grove,
 She bids the breeze waft slumbers to his breast,
 The happy youth believes Perdita's love,
 And gives his sorrow to the arms of rest ;
 No more he calls on terror and despair,
 Nor fury with her haggard eye, her stiff and clotted hair.

Upon the face where discontentments dwell,
 She lights the animating glow ;
 She cheers the author in his wretched cell,
 Bids magic scenes before his raptur'd vision flow,
 Soft he hears the tinkling fountains
 Flowing down the sacred mountains,
 Around his brows the laurels bloom,
 Honors hail him with caressings
 Peace and plenty add their blessings,
 The bard looks pleas'd and smiles away his gloom.

She cheers the hero's soul
 When the fierce charge the awful trumpets sound,
 When death's hoarse thunders roll ;

When human blood with crimson flows the ground
And groans of horror rise upon the passing blast.

P A R T II.

The cheering glimmering of a distant light
Revives the courage of the travelling boor,
While lone and fearful in the darksome night
He seeks some hospitable stranger's door ;

But when with weary trembling step he gains
The spot where shone the luminary bright ;
Far distant still the flattering ray remains
And twinkles on the mountain's dusky height.

The gathering storm roars sullenly around
The unhappy man still onward holds his way,
Sudden he plunges in the gulph profound
The night owl shrieks—no genius bids his spirit stay.

So faithless hope invites
Like her own sex too often false and fair
She spreads with smiling guile the tempting snare,
And lulls her votary with her feign'd delights.

High from Leucadia's brow
Her tresses sorrowfully flowing
Love on her languid aspect glowing,
Sapho look'd down upon the stream below ;
The winds were hush'd—no murmur left the shade
Sweet breath'd the accents of the love-sick maid.

To the blue sky
 She rais'd her hand, and mild poetic eye
 Bright with a falling tear ;
 She murmur'd Phaon's name, and from the steep
 Plung'd in the bosom of the passing deep.

Keen disappointment, poverty's cold gloom
 Were all the trophies that poor *Rowley* won,
 Hope hung her mantle o'er his grassy tomb
 And mourn'd too late the sufferings of her son.*
 Genius had rais'd this feeling child,
 Fancy unroll'd her visions to his view
 Spenser survey'd his daring son and smil'd ;
 Fate shook his fable plumes—his poison'd arrow threw.

Sweet be thy slumbers in the sod below
 Thou mases darling and thou sport of woe !

* *A gentleman well known in the literary world bearing of the wonderful performances of Chatterton, who published many poems under the name of Rowley, sought the place of his residence with the design of assisting him in his impoverished state, but arrived too late—the unfortunate youth had become his own executioner, and gone beyond the reach of human charity and oppression.*

The Author's Elegy over the remains of his Pen.

FAREWELL kind friend who zealous in thy trust,
Hast trac'd the wanderings of a youthful heart,
Thy worn remains I now bestow the dust,
And sadly mourn that we are forc'd to part.

How patient thou hast borne thy tiresome lot,
And faithful follow'd where I chose to lead !
Mark'd what was passing in my busy thought,
And told the world what they will never read !

Dull lines or not, 'twas all the same to thee,
'Thou follow'd on unknown to any fear ;
Thy zeal was guided by a love for me,
Who car'd as little for a cynic's sneer.

Thou wast alone the solitary friend
That watch'd my musing in my little cot ;
And not like some—thou didst thy comfort lend,
Upon a wight whom honors never sought.

Now in my service thou art sad decay'd,
 Perhaps I've been a master too severe ;
 Who much too often has requir'd thy aid,
 And yet may mourn this usage with a tear.

Farewell thou pen—a tender last farewell !
 Thou must for ever leave this musing eye.
 We all must part and seek the mouldering cell,
 We all must sicken, and we all must die.

How long the WIGHT who mourns o'er thy remains,
 Will live beyond thee none on earth can tell ;
 Perhaps thy elegy may close his strains,
 And no more Pens he'll ever bid farewell !

The End.

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